

In the walks of domestic and social life, Mr. Forster shone pre-eminent. As a husband, father and brother, he was generous, kind and affectionate; as a friend, warm-hearted, faithful and sincere. He seemed peculiarly formed to enjoy, and to give value to, the intercourse of the friendly circle. He possessed a candor of spirit, an openness, simplicity and directness of mind and feeling—an entire freedom from all selfishness and obliquity of purpose, that were irresistibly attractive.

But 'tis time to check the effusion of feelings which those who were unacquainted with Mr. Forster may perhaps think have been already too far indulged. On the other hand, those who knew him intimately feel, with the writer, how imperfect is the sketch he has tried to draw.—When we reflect on the premature death of such men, it is difficult to suppress a feeling of regret and disappointment, that arises almost to dissatisfaction with the dispensations of Providence. We are ready to inquire, with a repining querulousness of spirit, why to worth like his should have been assigned so short a date? But feelings like these it is our duty to check. The ways of heaven, though mysterious, are certainly wise and benevolent. One of the lights of the world is indeed extinguished, and extinguished in its meridian; but the great source of Light and Truth remains unchanged; and He will not suffer his children to remain in darkness. Our friend is released from his sufferings, and gone to his reward."

#### Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sabbath afternoon, Professor DAYTON took for the subject of his lecture, the following extract from the writings of JEFFERSON:

"Fix reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, he must more approve the homage of Reason than that of blind folded fear."

Those who heard the lecture, need not be told, by us, that the Spirit handled the subject with his characteristic power of logic and thrilling eloquence, nor that he used the organs of the medium with much more than his usual facility of utterance. Not only did he do ample justice to the metaphysical department of the subject, handling the sentiments of the immortal author as boldly as he did himself, but he took up and went through its collaterals, and came down with such power upon politics and slavery, that, could they have been there impersonated, they must have cried for mercy and quarters.

In the evening, that guardian angel of Buffalo, STEPHEN R. SMITH, spoke from the following scripture text, which had been furnished him by some one in the flesh. First Petter, iii., 19, 20.

"By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which some time were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water."

The spirit, before approaching his subject directly, took a wide range in the field of fact and logic; thus leading the minds of the audience, by easy gradations, to the subject itself, prepared to receive and appreciate the sentiments which its consideration elicited. And, in a most masterly manner, he prove that the prison alluded to by the Apostle, could have been no other than the lowest sphere of the spirit world, and that the spirits to whom Jesus went and preached, after his crucifixion, were those who left the earth-form in an undeveloped and non-progressive condition.

In the concluding portion of his lecture, the spirit carried his medium, and with him, his audience, to such a height of sublimity, that it seemed as if they were getting beyond the reach of gravitation. And he would have soared still higher, but for the fact the physical powers of his medium were about to give way,

and he was compelled to stop short of the attitude he aimed at, and let him down.

Allow us to relate a little incident connected with the afternoon effort, by Professor DAYTON: On Monday evening, we attended a circle, with brother FORSTER, at the house of a friend. Mr. DAYTON took the control of his medium, and, after giving a beautiful lecture on the philosophy of Spiritual circles, became familiarly conversational. Among other things in the way of friendly chat, in answer to some remark concerning his lecture on Sunday, he said: "It would have done you good if you could have seen how the glorious old sage of Montecello laughed to hear me come down upon the politicians."

#### SPIRITUALISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Newburyport Herald says:—The spiritual rapping phenomena are creating quite a sensation in the southern part of this county. In Lynn they are said to be received, as from the spirits of the dead, by a majority of the people of that city. At a lecture on the subject, in Marblehead, by Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, 700 persons were present, and were all that the house would hold. In Salem, the spiritual theory has been so extensively embraced by some of the most sober-minded and learned men—including quite a number of professional gentlemen—that it has become a matter of serious disturbance in religious circles; the clergy of the evangelical denominations are awakened to its prevalence and church action is being had on the matter.—*Exchange.*

#### The Soul of Wm. McCall.

#### AN ORATION ON THE OUTLINES OF INDIVIDUALITY.

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

A Verbatim Report.

It were well that every term in every language were properly defined and understood. Therefore I desire that what I say be comprehended as I intend; for when I speak of individualism I do not mean the arrogant selfishness that passes current under that term: but I mean the full and complete rounding out of the me, and I, which is the character, istic of genius, which constitutes the real man and womanhood and which is essential to the proper fulfillment of our destinies here below, and the fitting preparation for that unrealized life which is to come.—And when I speak of Christianity I mean that hollow system of formalism which passes under that name, and not the religion taught and practised by the meek and lowly man of Nazareth.

Individualism is my gospel, and the fitting substitute for a dying or dead christianism, whose gaunt form lies prostrate on the earth, felled by the sturdy strokes of a better faith, and from whence issues dark, dense clouds of vapor redolent of fire and brimstone, and from whose eyes—bloodshot and glaring—there darts forth gleams of Hatred and Revenge instead of Love divine:—and from whose lips terrible cries come out, indicative alike of its own expiring agonies, and commemorative of the tortured millions who have yielded life at the Rack, the Stake and Inquisition.

For this gospel I have sacrificed time, labor, wealth, and health, I have preached, lectured, and written throughout this broad continent the Halls of England, and Salons of sunny France, have been filled with my voice; even the Spaniard beneath his burning sun has been startled by the fervor with which I sought to convince him that to be what God intended, he should be Himself.

The slow German has listened to me, and his dull eye has gleamed with un wonted fire, when I whispered to him, "Selfhood is Godhood."

Better than all, I have tried to live my gospel, and no one can say, however otherwise he might be disposed to condemn me, that I have

ever deviated from the valiant and often troublous path of a persistent individuality. Like all men who set forth a new theory, I have had little to support me, save my own enthusiasm, and have been seldom understood, seldom felt, except when I could pour myself as fiery emotion into the bosom of the people.

I intend to night to give you the outlines of individualism as briefly as time will permit. And I feel that you will return to your homes wiser men and women than when you entered this Hall, if you attentively observe the matter rather than the manner of that which, inspired by the glorious spirit of everlasting unfading truth, I am about to utter.

I start then, from the principle, that placed in the midst of Nature we can have only positive knowledge of Nature, and that all else can be but conjectural, speculative transient, ephemeral, and of no utility whatever. In a word I have an abiding faith in Common Sense.

Now the genius of common sense is the Soul of Human Life, and its composition is Experience, Pain, Pleasure, Hope and Fear! Consequently people blessed with it reject as absurd all supernaturalism in whatever shape it presents itself. Miracles, as physical impossibilities next follow in the category of rejected crudities; and the sacred Past whenever it assumes the garment of infallible authority, follows in their wake.

Here we stand the children of the great All; and it is our actual relations to the great all that we are to determine. The Past to us is a non-entity. Historical facts concern us not at all. Of the Future we speculate much, but can know absolutely nothing, except that the universe is a great fact, and will ever be such. Humanistic eternal religion we devoutly believe in,—we individualists—the belief in God and immortality; but our God is the everlasting life that flows around us, and of which we are a part. Immortality is but a living fact and a beautiful ideal that ever floats before us as a gossamer cloud floats on the bright gleaming wings of the morning zephyr, all bespangled with the diamond eyes of pearly dew, nor can we speak of it with disgusting familiarity of modern churchmen, or of some still more modern spiritualists,—many and by far the majority are improperly so called.

Now in Nature if we look with our natural eyes, and do not permit ourselves to be crazed by creeds, theologies and dull metaphysics or the wild vagaries and speculations of mere dabblers in the art of thinking, who ever and anon, set up for Sir Oracles and modern Pythons. What are the two things in chief that we observe? I reply an intense unity and a boundless multiformity, which are at once the results and the conditions of each other. The Essence is one, and the Aspects are manifold, and the Aspects are manifold because the Essence is one; and the contrary! This might seem simple and altogether indubitable; but look how it is denied by so called christians, and philosophical theists, who make no great pretensions to christianity at all. For the christian there are three omnipresent Essences, a spirit of omnipotent good, called Jehovah, an Omnipotent antagonist called Satan, and a limitless lump of death called Matter. Now these three Essences are exactly equivalent to no Essence at all! There is a total destruction of all unity, and it is not divinity which we behold branching from a central source of Unity, but the fragments of the Chaos Matter which Jehovah and the Devil in their ferocious hate hurl at each other's heads. We are not much better off, if we adopt the duality of the Philosophic Theists, because two Essences are as fatal to Cosmic Unity as three!—we merely miss the liveliness which the Devil gave to the concern!—and if we are to have chaos, let us by all means have a Devil to make the thing interesting.

A mother was trying to picture the glories and delights of Heaven to her little son. At last the child said, "If I am a good boy and go to Heaven, shall I not sometimes have a little Devil to play with?" In spite of her glorious imagery, the little fellow couldn't help thinking Heaven a dreary place, only to be tolerated when the brisk and frisky little imps from the antipodes came to help pass the time!

Now the Theist strives to be very eloquent on God and pure spirit, as

distinguished from gross matter and the multiformities of Nature, but he only makes us sigh for the Devil to kick up a row, and give us force with tragedy.

The oldest Religions viewed the universe as an enormous living creature; not as a conglomeration of points here and there in the void, but as a stupendous organism clasping Immensity with its minutest fibers and stretching through it with its giant limbs.

Now this is the truest and noblest view of the Universe; nor is there any middle ground between it and absolute Atheism! Either there is no God, or there is only this sublime being with starry eyes, and starry mantle, that we incessantly behold. But men have been but falsely educated, and therefore they rebel against this grand doctrine of Common Sense.

Hireling priests offer us a God far beyond the moon, somewhere on the confines of outermost Sphere; by doing which they declare the principle of Individuality, or the right of self-judgment, paramount to all others,—so far as they are concerned, and in the same breath ignore, and utterly deny it in all the rest of mankind. Priests are inconsistent animals!

"As like as two P's" are Priests and Politicians; for these last seldom have the genius or generosity to govern for man's highest good; but they are glad when the people are terrified by the Priestly phantoms of revengeful Gods; because they too, recognize Individualism as a great and good, because true principle; and feeling that knowledge is power, they tremble lest the people, breaking their Priestly ligaments, will become full and rounded characters, real genuine individuals, and then adieu to the sinecures; farewell leaves and fishes for lo! "Othello's occupation is gone."

The first step towards the overthrow of our social, and all other evils, and woes of every kind, must be the destruction of a one-sided spiritualism or philosophy, which models, or attempts to model, the community according to its insane caprice; and to drag it away as far as possible from Nature. But how is this to be done! You preach to Priests and governments in vain. They are the advocates of a miserable conservatism, and even when they are not, they are stupid as they always are indifferent. At all events, the godlike growth of the community they sneer at, as the dream of fools or the delusion of men too honest for this world. When you talk to them of Nature, they think you are quoting D'Holback, Grievés, Rousseau or the Revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis; and it is the chief article of their creed that Rousseau was a madman, Montaigne a fool, Holback a knave, Grievés a dreamer, Swedenborg a fanatic and Davis a jack-ass on stilts. To whom then, must you appeal? To the man—the individual! Disenthral him from sectisms and creed and party; inculcate him from his old associations; paralyze the grasp that custom has over his thoughts and actions; make him a free and strong 'man', eager to be a hero whenever society demands heroic actions and heroic sacrifices. Now there are four ways in which this must be accomplished: 1st. by invigorating his will; 2nd. by disabasing his mind of the old silly pedantic notion that he consists of a soul and body eternally at war with each other, and enabling him to feel that he is a vital unity manifesting itself by multiformity; 3d. by making him regard Nature as the unity of unities, and the multiformity of multiformities; 4th by arranging before him each object in Nature—tree, bud, flower, insect, bird, as a multiform unity.

By invigorating his will you not merely give him positive force for all his future march; you not only arm him with mighty resolves for mighty achievements; But you give him a weapon with which to break that which is his most unconquerable hindrance, most formidable cause,—the bondage of conventionalism. By stamping deep in his breast, also, the image of himself as a multiform unity, and not a compound of soul and body, not a mere compound of spirit and matter, nor a bundle of parts, each independent of the other in itself, and hammered into temporary relationship with its neighbor, but as a multiform unit of the great eternal oneness—the uni—omni over soul! By so do-



ing you not simply give him the boon of health, but also the sense of affinity for the true the beautiful, and the good. And that new sense will prodigiously elevate him, and the knowledge of brotherhood will fill his very soul with joy and make his wearied spirit sing for very gladness.

But though we reject the old notion of separating soul from body—spirit from matter, there is plainly an unknown in the universe which we cannot reject. It matters not what we call this unknown, therefore I will name it mystery. The universe will be none the less one and many-fold if we regard it as mysterious. It will be none the less beautiful, vast and sublime; nor will it lose ought of its joys, but it will still shine with a sacred glory,—still be a palace where the banquet of life is spread, and a temple, inspiring the divinest visions and divinest valor—a temple wherein we may offer the worship of holiest emotion,—of Titanic labors, of Martyrdoms for Humanity, and which all true men shudder to desecrate by a base desire or dishonorable action. When therefore, his will is invigorated—after these full, intelligible, and various lessons, and his moral transformation is effected, man must be taken into the region of the unknown—into that wild weird clime that lieth sublime yut of space, out of time, and, first of all, into the mysterious depths of his own wonderful nature. This descent into the abysses of his own mystery is intuitionism, I call it so, [Not for the sake of abstraction, self-analysis or speculation do I recommend this course for there can be no more unwholesome occupation than a man's always looking into his intellectual stomach; but because the religious transformation of the individual cannot be begun or finished without intuitionism.]

It is from the profoundest sense of mystery in himself, that he rises in the universal scale. Individual men, aggregated after such moral and religious transformation, form the materials for the future social state of integral Harmony, beautiful as a sunbeam, just bursting on the world!

There are earnest men in these days, Davis's, Ballous, Owens, Bushes, Andrews—all good and true, no doubt, who say we must ignore political institutions, and measurably the individual also, and aim at social change directly and solely through social organization. While I admire their enthusiasm and earnestness, I hope little or nothing from their efforts. It is a strange anomaly that those who are so thoroughly assured of the impotence of political should have so much faith in social organizations and institutions. Then there are other earnest men, who, disgusted with current orthodoxal superstitions, take as a gospel the denial of the invisible. This is to assume what all history refutes, that Religion is not one of our eternal instincts, and that it is merely the invention of priests and politicians. These misuse it to their own base purposes. But the eternal God gave it birth and planted it in man's deep breast.

Social harmony is the destiny of all, but Andrew Jackson Davis to the contrary notwithstanding, I affirm that society has only gone thro two of its five large stages of Development, and I challenge contradiction.

Before Jesus came humanity was passing through its physical phase. The civilization of the ancients had a unity and grandeur with which ours cannot for a moment compare. But with all its beauty and excellence, it was but the deification of the sensuous. Man marched in the midst of Nature as a stalwart symmetry, sunny and glorious; but he often exulted in his pride of force, and drinking eagerly of the cup of joy forgot too readily, as do many of our living fellows in this sunny land of liberty,—that the blood and sweat and tears, the untold agony and woe of his brethren, was the fearful price he paid for the draught.

At the advent of Christianity, the human race entered on its second or intellectual phase. Now the intellect is, of all human principles the most fertile and the least genial; and Christianity wherever it has had full swing, has been eminently hostile to the best interests of mankind. If ancient civilization sinned, it was through excess, rather than defect. The earliest home of the human race was India; and from thence came the first culture and first religions of every kind. Is it to

be marvelled at that the religion, the culture, the resultant political organization, military enterprises, artistic achievements and social life should be clothed with India's odorous air and boundless exuberance; should be lavish as India's productions, enormous as her mountains?

Christianity in its dainty care for the senses, thought that it could not go too far in the other extreme, and a man was canonized and called a saint, who made himself perfectly useless, severed as far as he could from human intercourse, who never washed himself or got a new coat till the old one fell in tattered rags around him, and who was so much a teetotaller, as to have a whole fountain to himself. Christianity put the spirit in contrast with the senses. But when you carry that contrast to the utmost, what do you behold? what do you accomplish? The answer rolls up in thunder tones "you destroy the balance of the human faculties, and provoke the most fatal and terrible reactions."—No sensualities among the ancients were ever so disgustingly incurable as those which prevail and have prevailed in christian lands, and which are the direct and natural consequences of christian teachings. In truth the excitement of christian fanaticism is kindred ever to the most furious and uncontrollable animality. Look at the majority of Preacher's sons—like father like son; and then study the natural history, origin and results of the Methodist love feasts, the professed object of which is to promote spiritual chastity. Henry VIII could zealously defend the faith, and yet be a brute all the while; for in one short life time, he, for the good of the Church, and promotion of morals, divorced Catharine of Arragon, married and murdered Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, broke the hearts of five others, and stigmatized Anne of Cleves as a "Flanders mare." Eight wives had this holy defender of the faith. Remember the relation of cause and effect.

The spiritual fever of the multitude renders them easy dupes to the intellect of the few, simply because the multitude are not individuals.—It is said, Christianity abolishes slavery, which is not true; but if it were, the gospel only destroys the bondage of the body, while it brings a more terrible set of shackles for the soul! Christianity is not the religion of Jesus. Glance at the crusades; forget their poetical aspects, and the benefits they conferred, but never contemplated; and were they not the pretest insanities into which nations ever rushed, not even excepting the Russian imbroglio? Therefore it is self apparent that the only defence man has against the wiles of priestcraft, and the whims of despots are in those very despised senses; because they give him a consciousness of strength, with which despots dare not trifle. Mankind has as the fruits of the past mis-called Spiritualism, a self denial, an asceticism most unnatural, with the morbid mockery of Pseudo-pious old maids to make it ridiculous, a gross and abominable sexuality as unnatural, but the reaction against that asceticism, the attempt of suppressed forces to assert, and regain their rights; and under the pretence of rendering every individual the freed man of Christ, and clothing him with a spiritual dignity and an intellectual eminence, which teach him to despise the poor Greek and Roman, you simply enthroned Jesuitism as the Queen of the world. This then is my verdict on Christianity, that it flatters its adherents with receiving a spiritual elevation and disenthralment, but that it changes society into an arid and joyless thing, to be tossed, twisted, and trampled as it may suit the pleasure of diplomats and ecclesiastics. Greatly, therefore, are they deceived, or greatly do they deceive others, who aver that Christianity is the religion of the people.

But this intellectual phase of human development, and with it Christianity is drawing to a close. We are entering on the moral phase of humanity's growth, the long struggle of the human will against the intellectual weapons and potent machinery of despots, priests and politicians, the accursed trinity which has ever hindered our normal growth and repressed the aspirations of man. This struggle will inevitably last long. The people are no match for their tyrants, for these are too well read in the logic of self-interest to be caught napping. The people must dwarf these tyrants into insignificance, and efface them from the earth by the grandeur of their own moral superiority! The time has

come, when the people can bear the truth told them, and when that time is fully ripe, deeds, worthy of America's most valiant battles in the past, will flash and fulminate in a new sense from her shores; deeds worthy of her noblest aspirations; for the future will utter to earth and heaven, in thunder notes, what I, in this brief speech, am stating to you, that the moral phase of humanity has begun!

The fourth, or religious phase, will follow the moral phase man laying at the feet of the Infinite, what he has wrenched from the grasp of Jesuit and oppressor. Sense predominant, Will also, and Conscience and intellect, with them, only make a one-sided man, and Christianity. From conflict therefore, with all his foes in the drama, man will ascend to the sacred joy of the religious phase. And well will he have paid for the festival with the combat, but the festival will be as in the primeval freshness and outpouring of the world, a worship no less than a rapture, and a reward like unto the time when the father of the family was the only priest, and when, according to the ancient tale of the Talmud, the angels came to the Patriarch's tent and shared his repast. The fifth and last act of the drama of humanity will be God-like harmony, in which neither as in the olden time the sensual will predominate, nor as in Christian civilization the intellect under the name of spiritual faithfulness; I mean of the churches, nor as the phase we are entering, a predominance of heroic will; nor as in the phase succeeding that, a strange mystical joy, of which it is difficult for us at present to form an idea, but when all the attributes of human nature shall march together in magnificent concord, regular and beautiful as a radiant morn, or the seasons on the earth!

This development of principles in human nature, has, in the idea I am now expounding to you, its counter-part in the development of faculties in the person—in the me. I divide it into eight successive planes: Instinctive faith, traditional belief, critical negation, logical acquiescence, metaphysical scepticism, spiritual conviction, esthetical completeness, and divine harmony; and not a soul that lives under heaven but reaches its goal by a painful passage over this bridge; it always was, and always will be so! The first, or instinctive faith, is that which, if left to ourselves, we form in childhood. The second, or traditional belief is the sort of trash, with which we are crammed by parent and priest, which pictures God as an Omnipotent fiend, on the throne of the Universe, and which makes the nights of our youth sleepless, and our days gloomy with the dread of eternal damnation. The third, or critical negation, is that peculiar revolt of our wit and understanding, against those creeds of anguish and cruelty which every one feels at least once in the life time, and when we live for a time in bold and reckless denial or mockery. The fourth, or logical acquiescence is the abandonment of this negative position, this mocking air, and is the attempt to reconstruct a religion and faith for ourselves with the materials furnished by the understanding merely, and without the help of the other faculties. This is rationalism, and its illustration is modern Unitarianism in this country and in England. This is the infancy period of Common Sense, as the former period was the birth thereof! The fifth, or metaphysical scepticism, is the doubt, into which all our faculties rush the moment they discover how arid and poor is any faith which has the understanding only for its creator or author.

Here we do not grapple merely with the things of human invention, as in the third phase; but we seize the very foundations of the Universe, and like Titans trying to crush the Gods, we strive to hurl all things into the howling confusion of one vast abyss. And this is that tragedy of tragedies from which no noble and earnest soul can in these days escape. There is but one way, one passage, one life-boat, and this is through the channel of intuition, on board the bark of Harmonical, soul-elevating, mind-clearing, heaven-steering spirit-piloted, angel-commanded, God-sent philosophy. I mean that pure Spiritualism which leaps up from the deep soul of man, and meets half way the love-bearing messenger of the skies, which manifests itself in the walk, talk and silent thought of its adherents, and not that pseudo Spiritualism, so rampant in these latter days, and which is so much vaunted by its fol-

lowers, for its depth is but a trifle deeper than the table is thick on which its raps are made. I fear that many who live in these latter table-tipping times, will one day regret the more than utter waste of time and privilege, which they might and ought to improve, for with the angels as with the spirit of truth, they will not always strive with man.

The sixth or spiritual conviction, is the belief into which our faculties ascend after this shriek of wrath, this terrible crucifixion. Byron never got further than that which I call critical negation: Shelley that beautiful one, was writhing in metaphysical scepticism when he vanished from the world; a bad nipped by an untimely frost. Edgar A. Poe, our own bright star, was a cork on the foaming billows of the sea of doubt, but his bark now lies safely moored in an eternal shore.

The seventh, or esthetical completeness is our education in the artistic, and the poetic; it is an education so multiform and perfect, as to make whatever is beheld a glorious correspondence to the strength and breadth of our spiritual convictions; it is the reconciliation of the individual and the universe, so that we feel our life in all forms of nature, and all forms of nature in our life. Many modern seers, Swedenborg particularly, are characterized by this most exquisite beauty, and it flashes forth at times from us all, a sure prophecy of immortality, and a certain sign that we are but embryo angels.

The eighth, or divine harmony, answers to natural harmony in the social whole! It is the mellowing into a potent, valiant and most musical union of the holiest and most ennobling results gathered from the great school; the experience of past phases. This union is eclecticism, but eclecticism is not this union; because this state results in earthly beatification.

One of the great aims of this my philosophy, and only mine because I too though dark-hued, am a human being suffering, toiling, listening eagerly for the first faint note preceding the jubilee, is to honor all man's faculties alike, nor give the crown to the much boasted human reason, because reason is but a twin brother to imagination; it honors both no less than the conscience, because it views man as a melody, flowing from the great unitary harmony creation, power, nature, God; and it honors the passions as well as the faculties. It is absurd to speak of bad passions, per se; they are only bad when they monopolize the entire individual; but this is not because they are evil in themselves, but because through them, man ceases to be what nature made him. But remember that he equally ceases to be such if intellect be the great dominant.

To day there are many thousands who reject the idea of hereditary depravity, because it is a monstrous doctrine, viewed in one light, and has nothing to favor it but some old Jew's fables, and yet these same persons speak of passion as of some devouring pestilential leprosy in the human heart. They are at the same time both right and wrong, for so far as theology is concerned it is false as falsehood; but physiologically and psychologically, as true as truth herself.

Political economists think we should have the right kind of a world at last if we cut all the passions out of a man. They would extinguish every vestige of fire, even that which warms and cheers us, and which cooks our food, simply, forsooth, because village bun-pkins make silly bon-fires in honor of some little lordling, whose only praise is that he is a greater scoundrel than the masses have among them; or because silly boys on the 4th of July burn their fingers with gunpowder, or that cities are sometimes devastated by conflagrations. Fire is to me sacred, I almost worship it, because it is the type and essence of purity herself! These men would emasculate the race and make us all nothing in theory and in fact! Thank heaven we are not all content with tapioca, but have now and then a relish for more solid food.

Nothing so like as peas, nothing so natural as the family, and nations are but the family developed. Consequently so long as one man loves one woman, and he can love no more, there will be the family; it will forever love its own members better than its neighbor, and there will be nations just as long; and patriotism alone will be the tie which



binds the mass together. This is simple common sense, and it follows that the *harum scorum* utopian schemes of free love and social communities as isolated from the world as the angels from the fabled burning pit, must fail on the basis of the love a man must bear to the wife, and she to their mutualities. No isolated socialism, whether of Fourier, Davis, Rapp, or Bush, can eventually succeed, because oranges won't grow in the Polar seas! and man must spontaneously coalesce with man, else there can be no real unity. The tendency of man is toward self-government, or the essence of the self-hood. Every man wants to have his talk, his say, his finger in the pie, "too many cooks spoil the broth," and hence after a few brief years, societies fail, and their forlorn leaders rub their eyes, wonder how came it so; exclaim "who'd a' thought it," pass from the stage, and give place to other visionaries. They failed to see that which was right beneath their noses, viz: the fact that, as knowledge increased the sentiment of personalism gained strength, and with it the desire for spontaneity and repugnance to artificialism of what ever kind, under whatever name. Individual manhood and slavery to even the most liberal doctrines, are incompatible with each other, and discordant notes must they be that issue from such an instrument.

Thus has it been in the past, thus is it in the present, and ever will be, until men cease to make laws for others, but learn to look at home, and by assiduity remedy the defects there. The best piece of advice ever given was that which says, first remove the beam from thine own eye, and then pluck the mote from out thy brother's.

Some modern Solomon's tell us that nationality and monogamic marriage are foolish dreams, from which we ought to wake up. Viewed from a point fifty thousand years ahead, they may be; but it is wisdom sometimes at least to "let well enough alone!" At present we believe our wives to be the best, our children the loveliest, our shores and hills and valleys, the dearest, and why? because they are our own. The sentiment of individualism will manifest itself not as such perhaps; but a rose smells sweet under any name. Those who affect to speak in terms of disparagement of nationality and these ideas, upon analysis will be found of the class who force the poor and unfortunate to live in dark and putrid dwellings, steaming with filth and pestilence, and who thrive and fatten upon the blood and groans and bitter tears of the poor sewing girl, or the down-trodden and despised African, whose gory sweat and bleeding, mangled back, cries aloud from the ground for the vengeance of an insulted God; while they, the pious worthies are bawling philanthropy in Faniel Hall, and subscribing liberally to the fund for converting Hottentots, Patagonians, Kangaroos and Oorang Outangs, totally oblivious of the fact that "the Greeks are at the door!" Oh yes, they are philanthropists! don't you hear the din and enthusiasm, the flourish of trumpets, as they assent to the scheme of some brother mawworm for the propagation of the gospel and ten per cents, salvation and new rum, christianity and the small pox at the North pole, and Timbuctoo and Boroboolooah; supporting all these measures too, with money wrung with cruel, infamous, villainous hands, from the bloody sweat, lacerated feet, and torn hands of God's own children, the suffering poor. From such philanthropy may the Lord deliver us.

Springing from the doctrines just taught, is another evolution of individualism; that of nations considered as agents of civilization; and my observations in Europe have confirmed the ideas previously entertained. Each nation, like the individual has an allotted part in the drama of the destinies of the universe. Like the mimic stage, so is the real, and some nations have unmistakably played leading parts, star engagements. Of these I shall rapidly sketch fourteen, whose names and parts I can here do little more than glance at, without attempting amplification, or to simply illustrate as the subject demands.

First—Egypt and Religion: Who ever attentively studies history must see plainly that the Jews told as many lies as they possibly could about that country. This but exemplifies the well known fact that human nature, whitewash and color it as you will, in spite of all is human nature still. The Egyptians undisguisedly hated the despisers of

pork, and it was perfectly natural that, on the eternal principle that like begets like, the Jews should cordially hate them in return. Now when one person hates another, it is very unlikely that he will look with lenient eyes on the faults or tergiversations of his foe; but on the contrary, he magnifies each fault, and lays the censure on very thick. As with persons, so also with nations.

The probability is, that the Egyptian theocracy was the best government that has ever been, simply because it was perfectly adapted to the age and genius of its people. It was a theocracy, and the theocratic formulae represents in most poetic and harmonious unity, the social, religious and political life of the people; it is the sacred passion of the people flaming into one mighty flame of worship.

Second—Greece and Beauty: The Greek was patriotic, he was warlike, and so full of faculty, that there was nothing in which he was not fitted to excel; but his whole heart and the whole opulence of his efforts streamed in radiance and rapture toward the beautiful. And this is the keystone to the problem why the Greek ceased to be great, and why Demosthenes and his compeers stand out in such bold relief on the historic page of oratory; because, whoever uses one set of faculties, to the exclusion of all others, inevitably weakens the general structure of the system. These faculties thus cultivated, will produce the most magnificent results; and this is why the men of antiquity excelled all our attempts at the sublime and beautiful. The faculties thus enthroned sap the virile life of all the rest, until finally, these mental monarchs fall, because the base of the pyramid has been washed away; and the very idea of a kingdom, being founded on a misapprehension of man's wonderful nature, and being built on error, must of necessity tumble down when the first rude blast comes. We may not be so great in any one directoin as the beautiful Greek, but we are fuller men, and better able to breast the current of life than he, and with sturdy strokes beat back the rolling waves of barbarism which press us on all sides.

Third—Palestine and Faith: Rigid historical analysis gives us the singular fact, that although the Jews have given us the Bible, yet of all men who have ever figured on the stage of life, they have had the least of the religious feeling, except perhaps that peculiar class mentioned by Col. Freemont, who had not yet developed the organ cranial, whose function is religion.

But if the Jews had none of this, they possessed another faculty which it were better for themselves had they less of, and that other nations had more. I refer to their prodigious pertinacity of purpose. The Israelite had a faith fully equal to the modern fatalism of a Bash, Barook, or of either of the Bonapartes. Napoleon the first and grandest, or Napoleon the third and greatest. Indeed the relationship between religious faith, developed and nurtured in the ages past, and the absolute fatalism of the Musselmans is so intimate and close, that it is difficult to discern the difference, particularly, when the lantern of science furnishes the medium by which they both are seen.

We live, fortunately, in an age when men begin to see that a rose is still a rose, call it Lilly or whatever else you will, and that names are nothing while principles are everything! The Jew is really more of an individual than almost any other man, from the amazing amount of his faith; and this great and peculiar characteristic of his people, has from time to time, elevated them to something little short of sublimity!

Fourth.—Rome and force: The Romans, as a moral physical and intellectual unity, were the strongest of men; and in this speciality—that is, as combining these three integrals of a full manhood, which means a full nationalism, on the sliding scale of history, they, beyond a doubt, surpassed all preceding, many contemporaneous, and indeed most subsequent people. But the strength of the Romans was chiefly shown in law and political organization.

Fifth.—Arabia and Miracle: By miracle I mean the infinitely astonishing, (in contradistinction to the supernatural, there being no such thing) and surely the career of the Arab was miraculous in the former sense, in an incomparable degree, for at least 700 years after that u derful star or planet, Mahomet rose. Arabia has definitively proved

to the world, the truth long doubted, that whatever can be, may be done; and not only so, but that seeming impossibilities are easily overcome, whenever opposed by a resolute will; and this is a main element of individualism. "To will and not to do; alas how sad, Man and his passions too, are mad—how mad," says James the writer, but says another equally great, "I will—'tis done—coach and horses, horses and coach."

Sixth.—Italy and Art: The Roman Genius was not peculiarly artistic; but as the southern part of Italy, was in a great measure colonized by Greeks, and as towards the north-west, the old Etruscan tradition, so strongly savoring of Art, survived; to these circumstances more than to the influence of the Roman Catholic church, must be ascribed the predominance that Art obtained in Italy. And she has therefore added one magnificent, finely finished stone, to the great temple of completeness, now in course of erection.

Seventh.—On the list we find *la belle nation*! The French are a great and gallant people, far more gallant than great; albeit, her firmament is covered and crowned by a superb galaxy of stars, in the midst of which, embosomed in radiance shines that greatest man of modern times, Mirabeau. But they are not an original, or poetic people, nor deep thinkers, save occasionally one here and there. They are satisfied if they can put the stamp of fashion on whatever they approach; but with the essence of things they bother themselves but little. Having more ingenuity than talent, more talent than genius and though in their Epic moments,—their Revolutionary outbursts, there is no nation so stupendous and imposing, yet in their normal existence they are satisfied if they can make the women all over Europe and America, wear preposterous bonnets on the back of their heads, or make the men wear preposterous pants which look as if the wearers had stolen the coverlets of patches made by their grandmothers, cut them with a carving knife, and pasted the shreds with molasses, into Siamese twin bags.

Eighth.—Spain and Romance: Over Spain, as she is at present, we can only mourn. Yet to her we should never be ungrateful, even if she had done nothing more than tinge the literature and civilization of Europe and the world with the Romantic. The conflict and the mingling of Christianity and Islamism in Spain, is the chief source of that strangely, wildly, beautiful romance, for which she will ever be famous; even though it fall much lower than it has already, if that be possible! Her quota, therefore, is the fanciful, and what were man without imagination and fancy?

Ninth.—Germany and Thought: It must be confessed at the outset, that a vast deal of German metaphysical speculation is mere hair-splitting and word-mongering, like the lectures of many of our modern would-be philosophers. A vast deal, also is, let the Kant-ites say what they will—the mere reproduction,—to use a Yankeeism—a mere rehash of Greek, Oriental, and Christo-mystical idea. Nevertheless in the regions of pure unadulterated metaphysics the Germans have gone deeply into Nature's secrets.

Tenth.—England and Science: By which I mean, Industrial enterprise. But according to my definition, industrial enterprise not only necessitates, but includes, public spirit and martial daring. Without these, England must become what the French so often reproach her with being,—a second Carthage, and we all know what the fate of Carthage was, in spite of Hannibal, the greatest captain of antiquity. But England need not fear; she has her Aldermen made of blubber and a goodly stock of cotton lords.

Eleventh.—Russia and Destiny: Russia has nothing great in herself, and there is nothing great in the Russian race. She is the mere creature of circumstances, like many of our modern statesmen; and, as through destiny she rose, so also by destiny she must fall. Placed in the neighborhood of small, feeble or disorganized states, she has always seemed ten times stronger than she really was. Still her policy has been such that she has daily gained new Power, until now like Tammorane or Attila the Hun, she threatens, not only Christendom, but the

very genius of civilization itself. But it is only threats, no more. She has an abiding faith in destiny; and this too enters into the fully developed individual; for without some such energy as the BELIEF IN HIS DESTINY, man were indeed a poor, pitiful, powerless thing! Russia has played and is still playing an important part in the great eventful drama.

Twelfth.—China and Custom: It appears just at present that the Chinese are turning Christians and Protestants. She has been the embodiment of Custom, and, in a silent way, has exerted and will continue to exert a great influence on the world. China is the national significance and definition of that word known as Conservatism. But lo! even the waters are stirred at last in her old heart, and she, last, not least declares herself a constituent of Humanity, with the before despised "outside barbarian." She has developed that greatest of all truths, viz: that even stern iron Custom will, nay must yield to the advancing light. She therefore stands for MOVEMENT in the tragico-comic drama of the epoch.

Thirteenth.—We are completing our rapid outline. India and Imagination: I have never yet seen India, and although I had hoped to, ere another year rolled away, yet life is uncertain at the best, and in the form I may not. Still, whenever America, and Western civilization weighs upon me as one monstrous mass of injustice, cant, falsehood, prose and quackery, I bathe myself in the gleam and gorgeousness of that glorious land! India, ever blessed India, with her prodigal faithfulness and glowing phantasies, will ever keep the heart of the world—the mind of the people young, fresh, aspiring, hopeful!

A few more words and I have done; and doubtless, although much more might have been said, still, what I have advanced will be sufficient to show that there is beneath the crust of Harmonism more than usually appears on the face of the explications of its many-mouthed advocates. I pass then to Fourteenth—AMERICA and PROGRESS: Her maxim and mandate is "GO AHEAD!" and such being her mission, it becomes needless for us to enlarge, either upon what she has accomplished in the past, or to her prospective future. But it is most unquestionably grand, sublime, and her mission in the great drama has been that of Energiser, Road maker, Builder and Finisher.

A man is only a man when, to all that I have briefly sketched, he adds these three last qualifications.

Fifteenth and last—Africa and Patience: O! thou land of golden sands, and lamentations, and pearls, and diamonds, and martyrs bleeding naked, ruined. Thou land of mangled backs and manacled wrists, precious gems in human eyes and estimation strewn thy shores, and precious gems in the sight of God have been torn from thy fertile meads and plains to deck the brazen brow of the demagogue mammon! It has been thy sad destiny to develop another of those stupendous truths, so essential to mankind, and another of those qualities, without which there can be no true manhood, no real genius no true aspiration!

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If, after the rapid outline of Individualism which I have given, you should think it worth promoting, either as a theory or a practical energy, I may mention that the chief obstacles to its progress are the two leading doctrines of Christianity, viz: the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and that of Resignation; because utter resignation is utter folly and sheer nonsense. Work out your own salvation is the Word!

The atrocious absurdity of the doctrine of Resignation is most graphically and truly shown in the character of "Uncle Tom," that "Jesus Christ in ebony," as Carlyle called him. Self defence, self preservation, and personal and hence national conservation, is the primal law of human existence written by the finger of the eternal God on every human heart, and engraved in star-gems on the everlasting scroll of the arching sky!

As to justification by faith, just think of all your friends who are Methodists or Evangelicals! It makes men vegetables or machines; while its twin dogma makes devils under the garb of saints. To all such christianism then, I, as the exponent of a better phase, proclaim



eternal war. It is a stinking carcass, a bog, and its loathsomeness offends the sense of all honest men! In saying this I agree with Lessing, who wrote long since, these memorable words: "The religion of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion are not at all the same thing." In fact they are about as like as is a horse chestnut, and a chestnut horse. The Emanuel, Jesus Christ, I believe to have been a divine soul, and a great reformer. If he were on earth to-day is there a single follower of his that he would not be ashamed of?

Of nature's interior essence we know but little; but we do know, and declare, that the nation is the most heroic form of nature; and the hero the divinest expression of the nation, and when he leaves us we cherish his image and adore his statue.

We are all born to be heroes. Let us then be true to the instincts within us; let us be MEN; let us be women; let us be ourselves! for until we are, all labor, all theory, all preaching, all teaching is in vain, for Mind is God, Man is Mind, God is individualized and central in Himself, and therefore to be free, let us be ourselves.—NATURE.—GOD.

P. B. R.

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